NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Lettres de Madame de Sévigné, *Précédées d'une Notice sur sa Vie et du Traité sur le Style Epistolaire de Madame de Sévigné, par* M. Suard. Paris, 1851.

Every body in these latter days of literary omniscience must needs know something about Madame de Sévigné's Letters, but hardly any body can be found who has read them. In this, however, the epistolary collection of the French woman has but shared the fate of many among the classics of our own tongue, for who of us reads Chillingworth, surnamed "the admirable," or Hooker, "the judicious?" And yet who dares confess to ignorance respecting the "high argument" of the one or the "ecclesiastical polity" of the other? The elder D'Israeli has surely mentioned nothing more remarkable in his *Curiosities of Literature* than this disposition of the literary world to worship at the shrines of its "unknown gods." We have seen a high reward somewhere offered for the discovery of a "young American" who, in these times of electro-magnetism, still has the audacity to wear his father's silver watch; and in an age of high literary pretension we should greatly "admire at" any body under the age of forty who has the good sense to read old books and the courage to plead ignorance concerning Dickens's "last."

Boarding-school Misses, with their "small *English* and less *French*," can, we suppose, be hardly expected to read any thing in the latter tongue unless it has first passed through the hands of Mr. Henry William Herbert, to whom the ladies aforesaid are indebted for all, or nearly all, they know about the riches of French literature; for the few who ever get as far in French as did the little heroine of the "Wide, wide World," (who so charmed a Swiss gentleman by saying "*Est-ce Morgarten, Monsieur,*") we must suppose, are rather prodigies than otherwise. But to all such the Letters of the charming de Sévigné commend themselves by more titles than almost any other book of which we are aware in the department of polite literature. And there is no lack of good editions to supply any demand that may be made. The first collection of Madame de Sévigné's Letters was made by the Abbe de Bussy from copies furnished by her granddaughter, Madame de Simiane. It appeared in the year 1726, and underwent many editions, though very incomplete and inaccurate. In 1754 the Chevalier de Perrin published a revised and enlarged *recueil* of the Letters, but first expurgated them of all passages which might prove offensive to persons still living, upon whom Madame de Sévigné often comments with more of satire than flattery. But, in 1806, Monmerqué did for the sprightly and witty letter-writer what Faugère has more recently done for de Sévigné's most illustrious literary friend and contemporary, Blaise Pascal, of whom she was wont to say that she put him *de moitié à tout ce qui est beau*; that is, he has restored the reading of her letters from original copies still preserved, and by a careful recension of the text has cleared it from many blunders of the "transcribblers," as Gray calls them, and the printers. And, besides this complete edition, we find many "selections," among the best, perhaps, being that of Madame Tastu and the compilation, anonymously edited, whose title we have placed at the head of this column.

In the volume before us we find the evidences of much care, and, so far as we are capable of discerning, of much good taste on the part of the compiler. Of course we miss some letters which we could have ill afforded to omit had our own partialities guided the editor's selection. Why, for instance, have we not more specimens of that charming *préciosité* (learned quaintness) which Mad. de Sévigné more than once affects, though we meet with but a single instance of it in the present collection? Does the editor wish to conceal the fact that Mad. de Sévigné was one of the *habituées* of the Hotel Rambouillet, that she was the friend of the blue-stocking Madame Montausier and Mademoiselle de Scuderi, who wrote interminable romances and talked French as Marini wrote Italian? Is it not fair that we should have a little of her Cartesianism as well as so much of her maternal affection for Mad. de Grignan? But, bating this exception, it is safe to say that whoever shall carefully read the letters before us will have some knowledge of whatever is most remarkable in that vast correspondence, which, however copious, no one can peruse, as a French critic has observed, without pausing at the end of each letter under a feeling of regret that he has one less to read.

M. Suard, whose valuable essay on the genius of Mad. de Sévigné is at once worthy of its author and subject, has raised the question, "wherein consists that which essentially characterizes the epistolary style?"—a question which he finds it easier to put than to answer. It is, we imagine, almost as difficult to extract the essence of letter-writing as to catch the spirit of poetry, and the "rhyming dictionaries" are, we fear, quite as good recipes for the production of the latter as the "Complete Letter Writers" for a supply of the former. Letter-writing, in fact, opens a wider field for a display of versatility in talent and character than any other department in the walks of literature; and hence the difficulty of defining its distinctive quality. A letter, says Suard, has for its object the communication of thoughts and feelings to an absent person or persons, and is dictated by friendship, confidence, or politeness. This definition, it will be seen at once, is imperfect; for how can it be made to include the "political letters" which play so important a part in our country just on the eve of a Presidential election? Are they always intended to communicate thoughts?" and, if so, why are they often left so Delphically obscure in their utterances as to need the writer's interpretation after the election is over? The author of "Proverbial Philosophy" (which a few years ago, we are sorry to say, was more in vogue than Solomon's) has adjudged "the *prudent* penning of a letter" to be the thing "which hath most *profit* in the world;" a sentiment which, without having passed into a "proverb," has many "modern instances" to quote in its confirmation. But we forbear to specify.

If we were called, however, to define epistolary style, we should do so by merging the whole question into an inquiry respecting the character, genius, and object of the individual writer. Letter-writing is nothing more than conversation, without any of its *hems, haws,* and *hurrhas.* As an easy affability is that which constitutes the chief charm of social intercourse, so a natural and familiar style, slightly raised, however, above the negligences for which the rapidity of conversation is a sufficient excuse, is that which should characterize a letter. A letter demands just that greater degree of correctness and care in thought and expression which rapid writing affords over rapid talking—"only this and nothing more;" for more than this is to fall into the mistake of John Foster, whose "letters" are essays, but whose essays are very far from being letters.

Letters, we have intimated, should reflect the character and mood of the writer, and only in proportion as they do so can they be deemed valuable or interesting to the reader. How unfavorably, for example, do the revised and corrected letters of Pope compare with those of Cowper or of Lady Mary Wortly Montague? Pedantry, abominable every where, becomes insufferable in a letter, which, however, as the example of Gray teaches us, may be made the vehicle of a genial scholarship; for what can be more delightful than the classical aroma which exhales from his pen whenever he writes to his friend West? Epistolary style, to be good, must therefore represent the real character of the writer, and must respect the "fitness of things;" for Gray does not indulge in scholarly allusion and classical badinage when he writes from Rome *to his mother.* Cicero's letters differ from Pliny's, as Cicero himself differed from Pliny. The letters of Voltaire are quite unlike those of Mad. de Maintenon, and Ninon de l'Enclos's are quite unlike those of either; and if, of the first named, we may say, with Buffon, "the style is the man," we may equally say of the last two "the style is the woman;" for their letters tell the character of each, and are, therefore, we need not say, of no credit to them *except* as letter-writers.

If letter-writing be nothing more than a higher kind of talking we might reasonably suppose, *a priori,* that ladies would excel in the one branch as well as in the other. We speak of quality; as to quantity, *cela va sans dire,* unless the sex be greatly slandered. On this point, with Madame de Sévigné for his illustration, M. Suard discourses with much force, and, as we think, to good purpose:

"It is easy to be conceived," he observes, "that women of sense and of a cultivated understanding must needs write letters better than men of the same capacity, for capacity is not always synonymous with faculty. Nature has given to the sex an imagination more mobile and an organization more delicate. Their mind, less cultivated by reflection, has more vivacity and spontaneity; it is more *primesautier,* as Montaigne expresses it. Moving, as it were, in the interior of society, and less distracted by business and study, they become more observant of character and of manners; they take more interest in all the little events which occupy or amuse what is called the world. Their sensibility is more prompt, more lively, and attaches to a greater number of objects. They have naturally more facility in expressing themselves. The very reserve which education and manners enjoin upon them serves but to whet the keenness of their acumen and inspires them with turns of expression only the more subtle and delicate. If their thoughts display less of reflection, their opinions are more closely related to their feelings and their mind is always modified by the impression of the moment; hence that suppleness of thought and that variety of tone which are so commonly remarked in their letters; that facility of passing from one object to others very different, and this without effort, and by transitions unexpected but natural; hence, too, those expressions and associations of words, which are new and piquant without being far-fetched; those views so acute and often profound, which have the air of inspiration; in fine, those happy negligences which are more pleasing than the most faultless exactitude."

These views of the French critic find their fullest confirmation in the letters of Madame de Sévigné, as, "every thing by turns, nothing long," she passes from feeling to feeling and from event to event with a mobility and vivacity that defy the most subtle analysis to catch the train of her thought. Her mind seems as sensitive as an electrometer to all outward impressions and all internal impulses; at once acute and *naïve,* sedate and gay, profound and witty, she is the most charming of mentors and the most discreet of gossips. Her epistolary style is a model of its kind. Graceful in its abandon, arch in its naïveté, and replete with sallies of wit, picturesque descriptions, bold strokes of fancy, and sentiments of deepest pathos, piety, and humor, it charms no less by its variety than by its excellence in all. The heart of the whole woman, in all its depth of affection and tenderness, is exposed to our view while we peruse the letters addressed to her idolized daughter, Madame de Grignan, "the most charming woman of France," as she was rather flatteringly called in her day.

But these Letters reveal not only the rare intellectual endowments and gentle qualities of heart possessed by their author, but pour a flood of light upon "the very age and body of the times" in which she lived; and her lot was cast in what for many reasons may be justly called the *grand siècle* of France. This collection of letters becomes a repertory of facts most interesting and often most significant—facts to which the "dignity of history" has not always "stooped," but facts whose historical value is often greater than much that Voltaire has deemed worth recording in his history of the *grand monarque* who swayed the destinies of France during the seventeenth century and overawed for a time the continent of Europe. If, from the "loop-hole of her retreat" at *Rochers,* (the country-seat of Mad. de S.) she sends forth letters which give us a key to the very sanctuaries of her heart, she entertains us none the less at Paris as she introduces us into the very midst of Louis's brilliant court, where she chats with the Queen and hob-a-nobs with Monsieur, the royal brother. As her "home letters" unfold to us a tableau of her daily life and domestic concerns, from the love-scrapes of her hopeful son to the misfortunes of *Marphise,* her lap-dog; from her kinsman and friend, the Abbé de Coulanges, (always called the *bien-bon* in her missives,) to the faithful chamber-maid Helen and Hebert, the trusty valet, so the letters which she dates from Paris disclose to us a moving panorama of the great and little events which agitated the Court, from the pompous ceremonial and pageantry of a royal *levée* to the petty scandal and gossip of the hour: so that we read by turns of a nation in tears over the bier of the great Turenne and of a King in the dumps because the sweet La Vallière has "left his bed and board" to bury herself in the Convent of Chaillot, while a *Te Deum* for a victory over the allies is recorded in haste to make room for the sprightly correspondent to tell us how the King cried for joy when the fair penitent came back from Chaillot, and how the jealous Madame de Montespan cried for spite and wished her a nun again.

"I am disgusted with history," said the clever Madame du Deffant, "when I think that what I see to-day will one day be accounted history." If there is any point in the epigrammatic saying, it would have come with even greater force from the lips of Madame de Sévigné, for her social position brought her into daily contact and intimacy with the great personages of her time, both at the court and in the camp. Reserving for another day a closer inspection of the historical bearing of her letters on the literature and politics of France during the seventeenth century, we conclude with a brief outline of her biography.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, afterwards Marquise de Sévigné, was born in Burgundy, in the year 1626. The Rabutins were of ancient and noble ancestry, a point to which Mad. de Sévigné more than once adverts with ill-disguised complacency and pride. On her mother's side she was sprung from the family of Coulanges, which, though high in official place and responsibility, had but little "boast of heraldry." Marie de Rabutin was left an orphan at the age of six years; but, under the tutelage of her maternal grandmother and of her uncle, the *bien bon* Abbé de Coulanges, she experienced all that kindness could do to make her insensible of her loss. She was educated by the best masters in all branches of study and in all the accomplishments of her day. The poet Ménage, as private tutor, taught her Latin, Italian, and Spanish, and in her severer studies she enjoyed the guidance of the learned but rather pedantic Chapelain. Her literary tastes, thus early formed, clung to her during all her after life, as we shall have occasion to remark when we come to examine her letters. Besides, her manners were formed and her mind was polished by an early *entrée* into the Court of Anne d'Autriche, "which then first began to serve as a model to the rest of Europe." She was married in 1644, while yet in her 18th year. Her husband, the Marquis de Sévigné, had neither the qualities of head nor of heart which could form the happiness of

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

He was prodigal and dissolute, affecting, on a smaller scale, the extravagance and voluptuousness of his royal master at Versailles. The Marquis, we are told, used to say to his wife that he believed she would be agreeable to another, but that she could never please him. There was this difference remarked between them, that he esteemed Madame de Sévigné but did not love her, while she loved her husband but could not esteem him.

But this incongruous union did not last long, for in 1651 the Marquis was killed in a duel, of which Madame de Gendran was the *final* cause. After his decease she devoted herself to the nurture and education of her children, a son and a daughter, of whom the former too often proved, in after years, "a heaviness to his mother," while the latter, though cold in her temperament, seems better to have repaid the wealth of affection so profusely lavished on her. The wayward boy, following in the footsteps of his father, became a gay Lothario, a learner at the feet of that illustrious Cyprian, Ninon de l'Enclos, and a friend of dashing actresses like the pretty Champmêlé. Thus writes Madame de S. to her daughter Madame de Grignan:

"How dangerous she is, that Ninon! If you only knew how she dogmatizes on religion you would shudder with horror. Her zeal for the perversion of young men is equal to that of a certain M. de Saint-Germain whom we once saw at Livry. * * I am greatly grieved at the evil she is doing my son; but do not tell him this. We are doing all we can, Madame de la Fayette and I, in order to disentangle him from so dangerous an intimacy. He patronises, besides, a little *comédienne,* and all the Boileaus and Racines, and pays for the suppers. In fine, he is a perfect rattle-brain. He mocks at the Mascarons*, as you know."

Her daughter thus became almost the sole object worthy of her affection, and remained so through all her after life; for though suitors many sought the hand of Mad. de Sévigné, she declined all their flattering propositions. Among those thus rejected are the names of Turenne, the Prince of Conti, the Superintendent of the Treasury, Fouquet, the Chevalier de Mére, and that "prince of wits," M. de Lude, to say nothing of the good-hearted Ménage. Mademoiselle de Sévigné, having finished her scholastic career, entered the gay world of Paris in the year 1663. Both the mother and the daughter became "the toasts" of the city. "The lords of fashion and the poets of the court racked their invention to devise new and ingenious compliments for the charming pair." Benserade has left us a madrigal on their honor, which commences as follows: "*Blondins accoutumés à faire des conquêtes,*" &c.; and La Fontaine has commemorated the name of the daughter by dedicating to her his fable of the *Lion amoureux,* in lines which we find quoted by the author, to whom we are indebted for most of our biographical details:

> "Sévigné, de qui les attraits
> Save aux Grâces de modèle," &c.

Mademoiselle de Sévigné was married to the Count of Grignan in 1669, and soon after her marriage removed with the Count to Provence, of which he was appointed Governor by the King. It is to this removal of Madame de Grignan at a distance from Paris that we owe most of the charming letters which compose the collection bequeathed to us by her mother, whose only charm in society seems to have been henceforward found in a narration of its sayings and doings for the diversion of her daughter, and whose only solace it was, in the solitude of Rochers or Bretagne, to write words of gushing tenderness and love to be read by the eyes of a blue-stocking philosopher(-ess,) for Mad. de Grignan, we are sad to say, was a *toute cartésienne,* and troubled her head much with the tomes of Father Malebranche; and, alas! that we should write it, "the poor Madelonne" (so her mother sometimes loved to call her) lost her color and money by playing cards too late o'nights, for which the fond mother more than once ventures to remonstrate with her daughter, the Countess.

In visits to Paris and the waters of Vichy, in trips to Brittany and long sojourns at Rochers, in journeys to Provence and always and every where in writing letters, the life of Madame de Sévigné gently glided along in an "even tenor" which felt no shock save that inflicted by partings and long separation from her daughter. Towards the close of her life she gradually withdrew from the pomps and vanities of the court, and even the circle of the Hotel Rambouillet (where she was wont to *assist* at the reading of a play, submitted by her favorite Corneille or by the rising Racine) missed her at last from her accustomed seat. In the year 1694 she made a voyage to Provence from which she never returned; for after a protracted visit to her daughter, and as she was on the eve of starting for her home, she was attacked by sudden illness, and calmly breathed her last on the 10th of April, 1696, and thus fulfilled the wish which more than once was made the burden of a letter to Mad. de Grignan, that "the mother might never be left to mourn the death of the daughter."

* Mascaron was one of the pulpit orators of the day, respecting whom we suspect her son's judgment was better than that of Mad. de Sévigné, who has not hesitated to compare him to Bourdaloue.

THE JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

A pamphlet has been put into our hands by a gentleman of great benevolence, with an earnest request that, if, after perusing it, we found its object such as we approved, we would so speak of it to our readers. The deplorable condition of these ancient people of God now resident in the Holy Land is set forth, in their appeal to the congregations of their co-religionists in Great Britain and America, in language which it is impossible to read without a thrill of mingled sympathy and horror. Sir Moses Montefiore, a Baronet of England, has thrice visited his suffering brethren of Palestine, and, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Adler, Chief Rabbi at London, a gentleman well known to every German scholar in this country, confirms by his own personal testimony the facts stated in the appeal. The result of this application of Sir Moses to the Chief Rabbi was a pastoral letter from the latter to the brethren under his charge in Great Britain, calling upon them, in terms of irresistible eloquence, to come forward to the speedy and effectual relief of the starving children of Israel. The Jewish inhabitants of the United States have nobly united with the Baronet and Rabbi of Great Britain in their benevolent exertions, and we most sincerely hope that their combined efforts may prove successful. We should despair of saying any thing more touching than is contained in the following heart-rending appeal of the sufferers themselves; and if there be a Christian who can read it without emotions of charity we envy not his stoicism:

"We know not whether the contemplation of the morrow is not more fearful than the reality of to-day and the retrospection of yesterday; whether to weep for present troubles or mourn the past sufferings. Starvation and pestilence walk hand in hand, and the wail of the poor, the widow, and the orphan is borne on the air. It is difficult to say whose sufferings are the greater, the miseries of those born under the sun of Judea or of the holy pilgrims from distant lands. All classes of society, all grades and conditions, have become united in the brotherhood of woe; heads of synagogues and their pious servitors, learned rabbies and their scholars, mix in the crowd to supplicate and beg a mouldy crust. Even that assistance which has hitherto reached us from our brethren in the Russian and Turkish dominions is now, in consequence of the war, cut off.

"The dearth has raised the price of food to an enormous height, and its results are a state of anarchy and confusion, in which every man's hand is raised against his brother, and violence is becoming rife in the land; for who can endure with uncomplaining fortitude that horrible death, death by famine, and see day by day the wife of his youth and the children of his love sink into the grave without an effort to relieve them?

"Brethren! if you could but witness the misery we are enduring, the widow running to and fro asking the refuse of food for her starving orphans; and men profoundly learned in the law, formerly through their abundant charity the stay of the community, now wandering up and down the streets of Jerusalem seeking alms, ay, seeking bread, your hearts would melt in compassion.

"Brethren! believe that our tale is free from exaggeration. We have not, we cannot fully impress you with the frightful reality of our condition. Our miserable circumstances can be corroborated by every dweller in or pilgrim to the Holy Land.

"The misery we endure is augmented by the worst anticipations; for the circumstances under which we now suffer may be seized upon by our traducers as being most opportune for the development of their plans; and what may not ensue when famished multitudes are tempted by the bribe of food? For already, dreadful to relate, the father traffics for the sale of his child to the *stranger,* so that his offspring may be spared death from starvation. For be it known that the sufferings of our nation here, in all the frightful horrors which at present exist, have never been surpassed.

"To you, men of Israel, dwellers among all nations and in every clime, we supplicate to hasten relief to famishing multitudes. Let our cry reach all, be sacred to all, receive attention from all.

"You, Prince of the Holy Land, great in Israel and noble among the nations—you, Sir Moses Montefiore, be the beacon of our hopes, as in days of old. Let your hand be again supported by the pious Judith; and from your conjoint example may the men and women of the house of Israel be cheered and strengthened!

"Brethren! remember we are the children of *one* God. The tree of our genealogy spreads its roots to the furthest East and the uttermost West and bears the fruit of brotherhood. By the love we bear to the God of Israel; by the associations of our common nationality, turn towards the land of the rising sun, towards Jerusalem and Zion, and remember whence the law emanateth and the word goeth forth.

"'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, for they that love her shall prosper.' More favored ones, your brethren turn to you to ask a brother's aid, and may your response bring peace to Israel and to Zion. Amen!"

MUTILATION OF THE BIBLE.

The following singular account of a practice now current in England of mutilating the Bible is copied from a Liverpool paper. The statement was made by a clergyman—of that city, as we judge—to his congregation on the 3d of September last:

"There seems good reason for believing that imperfect Bibles are quite common. In some whole chapters appear to be missing; in others particular texts are not to be found; so that a complete copy of the Scriptures is very rare. It may be well to mention a few of the deficiencies most frequently occurring:

"1. In a great many Bibles the XI. chapter of 1st Corinthians, from the 23d verse to the end, is altogether wanting, besides two or three passages in the Gospels. In this church there must be more than a hundred Bibles out of which those leaves have been lost.

"2. Another passage often missing is the VI. chapter of St. Matthew, from the 19th verse to the end. Indeed, the whole of the Sermon on the Mount is frequently torn, and the allegory of the two houses at the end of it almost rubbed out.

"3. All the texts which speak of 'perfecting' or 'finishing' a work—as Psalms CXXXVIII, 8, or Phillippians I. 6—are not to be found in many copies. In others such verses as Luke XI. 10, are partly or wholly lost.

"4. Still more remarkable is the fact that the deficiencies in Bibles are different at different times. At present the parts which it is becoming the fashion to tear out are the 46th verse of Matthew, XXV.; the II. of Colossians, from the 16th to 20th verse; the former part of 2d Timothy III. 16. The III. of St. John's Gospel and the first chapter of his first Epistle are always perfect."

Those who desire to scrutinize the motives which may have led to the practices in question will learn something by referring to the texts enumerated above. The investigation will be found somewhat curious.—*Boston Cour.*

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, September 7, 1854.

We have never had a peep behind the political curtain or been in the confidence of those who are behind it. We are not quite sure, however, that, had we enjoyed these advantages, the partial glances afforded by the one or the individual opinions communicated by the other would have materially improved our correspondence. We prefer our present mode of purveying for our communications. We peruse carefully and diligently the leading daily and weekly journals, and are not heedless of the monthly and quarterly publications. We visit almost daily the great marts of business, hear what people say upon Exchange, and seek the opinions of men experienced and well-informed upon matters of leading interest where conflicting reports exist. We strive to avoid being governed by the *dicta* of any one journal, and are not wedded to the opinions of any party. We believe that the Daily News is often a day ahead of all other papers in its information, and that its early intelligence may in general be relied upon; but it is rather ultra in its opinions, and sometimes advocates rapidity of action at the danger of sacrificing security of position. The Times is admirable for the variety and power of its leading articles, for the beautiful style in which it enunciates its opinions, for its unbounded resources, and for its learned and elegant disquisitions, many of which deserve to take a permanent place in English literature; but it often raises large superstructures upon insufficient foundations, often deduces most important conclusions from unsound premises, and not unfrequently receives and communicates incorrect intelligence from "our own correspondent." It probably acknowledges allegiance to no party, and is truly an independent journal; but it seems to have no very clear conceptions of political truth, and is no very warm advocate of the cause of reform and progress The Morning Chronicle has frequently early information of the intentions of Government, although it cannot be called the organ of the Government. Its editorial articles are indifferently written, and often very trifling and unimportant; nor is it famous for the extent of its intelligence or the variety of its contents. The Examiner (weekly journal) is liberal and talented; its leaders have always a powerful bearing upon the subjects of the day, and its literary and artistic articles are of superior quality. The Economist is high authority for all matters of statistics, commerce, and finance; and the Athenæum for whatever relates to literature and the fine arts. The Mark Lane Express gives extensive information in relation to the crops and the corn market, and the Observer is celebrated for its weekly *resumé* and for its condensed intelligence. The Liverpool Mercury occupies high ground for the liberality of its opinions and the ability with which it advocates them. The Manchester Guardian is another journal of high character and very great utility; and the Stamford Mercury is perhaps the very oldest provincial journal in the Kingdom, with the largest circulation, and printed upon the largest sheet permitted to be used. It is noted for never having a line of editorial matter in its columns, and famous for containing the greatest possible quantity of well-arranged local and general intelligence. Surely from these sources, and from Fraser's and Blackwood's Magazines and from the various quarterly Reviews, abundance of materials may be collected. How we arrange them, what we say respecting them, and what is the value of the opinions we deduce from them, is not for us to say a word about. As to the past and the passing, we aim rather to be correct than clever, and to communicate the useful and the interesting rather than what is startling merely from its novelty. As to the future, we endeavor to make reasonable inferences from ascertained facts. Our opinions may sometimes be in striking opposition to those of more trusted authorities, but we are content to wait for the result and to abide the revelations of tell-tale time.

The antecedents of Napoleon III. are not calculated to inspire confidence, but he has been consistent, decided, and apparently sincere since he has been the ally of Great Britain. Both his interests and his inclinations will secure, we think, his cordial co-operation with England through the war, and we cannot anticipate any quarrel at its close over the division of the spoils, since a leading article in the treaty between France and England is that neither country is to acquire any extension of territory in consequence of the war.

The meeting of Napoleon III. and Prince Albert on the French coast is the great event of the week. To find a parallel to it we must go back to the era of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The spectacle will lose nothing in comparison. There is probably as much real power in the squadron that attends Prince Albert as a guard of honor as there was in the fleet of cockboats that attended Henry VIII; and as for martial show to the eye of a connoisseur, there is more of a purpose-like and business air about the French soldiery now to be reviewed in the French camp than there was about the mailed warriors of whom it was said, less than a century later, that they had brought the art of arming themselves to such perfection as to be incapable of either receiving hurt themselves or inflicting it upon others. What scenes has Europe gone through since a French and English monarch embraced each other on the Field of the Cloth of Gold! In France the war of the League, the troubles of the Fronde, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the Mississippi scheme, the great literary and scientific epoch of Voltaire, the encyclopædists and Rousseau, the great French Revolution, the European wars, and the Empire of Napoleon I! In England the Reformation, the Spanish Armada and its destruction, the great literary era of Shakspeare and Bacon, the civil wars and the Commonwealth, the revolution of 1688, the loss of America and the conquest of India, the Peninsular struggle, the Reform Bill, the progress of civilization, the development of national character, the growth of national wealth, intelligence, and power, have been marked by widely differing and even contrasting features in the two countries. And yet it cannot be said that either has got ahead of the other. When we look to one phasis of their social states we may be disposed to assign the palm to one country, but immediately some superior excellence of the other in a different respect attracts attention and induces doubt. The Daily News says:

"It is to be regretted that a national antagonism, inherited from the times when the Kings of the Franks in Paris and the Dukes of Normandy were struggling for ascendancy, should so often have placed the two nations in hostile array against each other during these three centuries. Yet even the wars of France and England have had their influence in imparting acuteness, versatility, self-possession, and hardihood to the national character of either country. And their antagonism has not always been useless to the world at large. It contributed much to the early establishment of American independence and to the success of Germany and Spain in re-asserting their nationalities. But a new age has arrived, bringing with it new duties. Past experience has taught both France and England that, being so powerful when opposed to each other, they must of necessity be much more powerful when united. Past experience has taught them that the aspirations of both in regard to that vague and dim but hopeful future towards which they are advancing, though differing frequently in form and appearance, are in all essentials the same. Out of these convictions is growing a kind of shame for their schoolboy conflicts—a manly friendship, likely to be the more deep and enduring that they have both had such proofs of each other's prowess. Henceforth the French and English peoples are inseparable, unless the intrigues of rulers are allowed to divide them, and public opinion is sufficiently strong in either country to prevent such a misfortune."

It was rumored last week that Prince Albert, the King of Belgium, and the young King of Portugal were to pay simultaneous visits to the Emperor of France. It has turned out, however, that the visits have been successive, no two visiters being with Louis Napoleon at the same time. This was probably done to prevent these courtesies assuming the form of a conference or Congress, and thereby causing any political feeling with the German Powers. First came the King of Belgium, the wary and politic Leopold. He and Napoleon III. met at Calais; they bowed at meeting. "I am charmed to make your acquaintance," said Leopold; "allow me to introduce to you my son, the Duke de Brabant." The Emperor replied in a few kindly words, and took the King and the Duke into his private room, where they remained alone for three quarters of an hour. They afterwards were driven to the harbor and dined together, with their respective suites, in the evening. On Sunday morning the two monarchs and the Duke de Brabant left Calais for Boulogne, where the King of the Belgians and his son embarked for Ostend on their way to Brussels. They were accompanied on board the steamer by the Emperor; and so ended act the first. The reason assigned for this short visit of King Leopold was the resignation of his Ministry, which rendered it impossible to be absent from his dominions for more than a day. This is, however, regarded as a pretence, for the Belgian Ministry had agreed to hold their places to meet the King's convenience. Another excitement was occasioned at Boulogne on Monday morning by the arrival of the young King of Portugal, who, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Oporto, and his mentor, the Duke of Terceira, arrived there by railroad from Amiens at 12 o'clock. The Emperor received his visiter in the vestibule of the hotel, and escorted him to the State apartment, where a late breakfast was set out, which being disposed of, a *cortége* was formed of three or four carriages, and an escort of the *Cent Gardes,* and the party proceeded to Honvault for an inspection of the troops. The King of Portugal occupied the place of honor on the Emperor's right hand, and seemed quite delighted, talking much to his brother, who was his *vis-a-vis.* After an inspection of the troops and a slight refreshment the party returned to Boulogne, and at six o'clock the Portuguese Princes took their departure by a special train for Amiens; and so ended act the second of the imperial and royal drama. No reason is assigned for its very brief duration. The third act is now performing. Prince Albert arrived at Boulogne on Tuesday, accompanied by Lords Cowley and Hardinge, the Duke of Newcastle, Colonel Phipps, and the rest of his suite. The Emperor drove down to the *Quai,* accompanied by Colonel Fleury, and, alighting, awaited his royal visiter on foot. The yacht came slowly alongside. The Guides struck up "God save the Queen," and the people gave a cheer which showed the rapid improvement a more intimate acquaintance with their English allies is effecting in their vocal demonstrations. The curiosity now became intense to see the manner in which the meeting between the Emperor and the Prince would be arranged; but to more experienced eyes it became apparent on both sides that it was to be a struggle of condescension, each seeking to outdo the other in the frankness and cordiality of their greeting. A splendid gangway had been prepared, and, as the sailors ran it into its place, the Prince followed one end and the Emperor the other, evidently with the intention of rushing up or down, as the case might be, the moment it was properly placed. The Prince, however, showed the greater activity, and running briskly down the plank was received at the termination by the Emperor, who, with one hand on the rail, held out the other for a frank English shake of hands, which was given on both sides with the greatest heartiness. At the carriage door the Prince gave way to the Emperor, but the latter was not to be outdone in politeness, and insisted on his visiter's entering first. The Prince then sat down on the left-hand side, but the Emperor again intimated that he should take the right, and, all these little struggles of courtesy having been arranged, the party drove off to the Hotel Brighton. On the departure of the Imperial *cortége* a general rush was made by the public to get on board the royal yacht; but the curious were informed that she could not be seen until ten o'clock to-morrow, and every one departed quite satisfied and delighted at the idea of the promised treat. The Emperor and Prince Albert proceeded to Honvault at 4 o'clock for an inspection of the troops. They were loudly cheered along the whole line, and returned home through the town, amid the acclamations of the people. On Wednesday morning they started for the camp at St. Omer, where they reviewed an army corps of 30,000 men. The manœuvres are said to have been very brilliant, the crowds countless, and the acclamations deafening. After the review the Emperor presented the French Generals to the Prince. At three o'clock the Emperor and Prince returned to Boulogne. There is to be a grand sham fight on Friday. But enough of imperial and royal courtesies, and reviews, and revelry.

In the Baltic, France and England remain, as at the beginning, alone and unsupported in their antagonism to Russia. The resolution to destroy the fortifications of Bomarsund and evacuate the Aland Islands, whatever else it may indicate, shows clearly that the Swedish Government is not yet prepared to throw its weight into the scale of the Western Powers and reassert its claims to Finland. Denmark, owing to the quarrel between the King and his people, counts for nothing at the present moment. Prussia has almost declared in favor of Russia. The other German States on the Baltic and the North Sea are too inconsiderable to be taken into account. The main question then is, how stand the Allies, France and England, in the Baltic? The Russian fleets are cooped up in their fortified harbors; they do not venture to show themselves at sea. The capture of Bomarsund is a good beginning. The destruction of Harego by the Russians themselves, if confirmed, ought to be regarded as a greater victory than its capture after an earnest resistance would have been. If these blows are promptly and energetically followed up, there will be little reason to complain of the position and prospects of the Allies in the Baltic.

In and around the Black Sea it is very different. England and France have there literally done nothing; but the Turkish armies have done *their* duty most manfully. They have driven back the Russians from the line of the Danube, and their gallant and most able general, Omer Pacha, has entered Bucharest in triumph. But what of all this? We must be better informed respecting the policy of Austria before we congratulate the inhabitants of the Principalities upon the Austrians having succeeded the Russians.

Nothing of moment has yet been achieved in the Black Sea, although the papers of yesterday announced that the troops were embarking at Varna, and the Times gave the particulars of three divisions having absolutely sailed from thence; but there is not a word about it in the papers of this morning.

The Czar will make no concession. He has turned a deaf ear to Austria and Prussia. His estimate of his own powers and resources makes him disdain the policy which they would persuade him to adopt. He is resolute to bear the brunt of the storm which threatens him from the West.

It is said that the passage to the fortress of Abo is found to be extremely narrow, and that it is probable that port will not be attacked. The next news we shall have from the Baltic will be the destruction of the fortress at Bomarsund. The French have lost six hundred men there by cholera during their very short occupation. The Moniteur states that nearly the entire Turkish army have passed into Wallachia, and that every thing shows the Turks intend to follow the Russians into Moldavia. This would, however, be a dangerous movement. The sanitary state of the fleets and armies on the Black Sea and near Varna has very much improved. The Economist has no doubt about the Allies taking Sebastopol, and says the only solution as to what it is to be done with when taken is to destroy the fortifications and allow Russia to retain the Crimea on the condition that Sebastopol shall be a free and independent harbor, under the joint guaranty of all the principal European Powers, the fleets of all nations having free access to the Euxine.

We are very sorry to have to report a terrible increase of cholera in London during the last week. The deaths during that week were 1,267 above the average, or rather more than double the average, which would be 1,248. The whole number of deaths was 2,515. The deaths from cholera during the last nine weeks have been 1, 5, 26, 133, 399, 644, 729, 847, and 1,287. The cholera has broken out at Leeds, and is very bad at Wisbeach, in the Isle of Ely.

Another week of extraordinary fine weather has enabled farmers to make great progress with harvest. South of Yorkshire the corn, particularly wheat, has in great part been secured; and even so far north as the southernmost half of Scotland very considerable progress has been made. Prices are falling rapidly. Good red wheat, averaging a weight of 63 pounds the bushel, has receded to $50 per quarter, (about $1.48 a bushel.) The potato disease is very general, and a considerable portion of the crop will be lost. There have been disturbances at Nottingham to compel the bakers to reduce the price of bread in proportion to the reduction in the price of wheat, and at Kidderminster, by a portion of the operatives, for an increase of wages. In both places, however, quietness was restored without much difficulty.

France is fully occupied with the royal visitings, reviews, &c. There is time, however, found for the harvest, which is stated to be most abundant. Spain does not show any symptoms of becoming a republic. Queen Christina is said to have arrived, without any difficulty, in Portugal. Italy is her final abiding place. Madrid remains perfectly tranquil. The recent measures of the Government have quite discouraged the demagogic party.

The cholera is in Rome, and has attacked the Vatican. There have been agitations in Naples, occasioned by the prohibition to quote the Russian loan at the Bourse. The Russian Chargé d'Affaires was very angry at this proceeding, and it is said demands his passports unless satisfactory explanations are given.

The immigration from Germany has never (says a Berlin paper) been more numerous than this year. Within the first seven months of 1854 more than 120,000 persons have embarked from Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, and Havre alone, and at least 50,000 more are preparing to follow.

There has been a great meeting at Copenhagen of the merchants, bankers, and trading classes. More than 3,000 persons assembled, and the meeting would have been much larger but for the prohibition of open out-door meetings. The meeting was held in the Cassino, the largest public room in the place. A number of Senators and members of the Danish Parliament attended. The commercial moneyed and trading classes were never before so fully represented in any public meeting in the capital of Denmark. The resolutions passed were of the most spirited description. They were unanimously adopted, and are as follows:

"1. We regard the method pursued by the State Council, in advising the King to issue the 'ordonnance of the 26th July last, respecting a plan for the common affairs of the Danish monarchy, to contradict not only the express assurances given by the Government, but also the direct enactments of the constitution.'

"2. In the directions laid down by this ordonnance for the composition and arrangement of the Common Supreme Council, and the paragraphs giving it only a consultative voice in all questions of legislation and finance, we see a denial of those principles which are essential to a free constitution, and on which our own ground-law is built.

"3. We rely on the unity and firmness of the Parliament in its contest with a Ministry which can no longer pretend to the confidence of the country, after having advised for the whole State as well as for the separate State lands, so-called constitutions, so opposed to the Danish ground-law that they can only separate instead of uniting the people; after having hinted an interpretation of the reservation as to Schleswig quite contrary to its real meaning, as admitted by the State Council itself on the 13th of February, 1852; an interpretation which, used as a pretext for attacking that constitution to which both King and people have solemnly sworn, may create movements whose consequences no one can foresee.

"4. As citizens of a free country we will all do our utmost that those measures which may be adopted by the Parliament in defending the rights of the people shall obtain the practical and general sanction of the whole nation."

The meeting was warned that the fourth resolution implied the readiness of the meeting to impeach the Ministry and to refuse paying taxes should such an extreme become necessary; but it was adopted with enthusiasm. A large sum was raised as the first portion of a fund "for supporting the patriots dismissed from office by a tyrannical Cabinet for their votes in Parliament, and for the assistance of the national press against illegal and ruinous prosecutions."

There has been a great fire at St. Petersburgh, which destroyed two hundred houses and consumed a vast amount of valuable goods.

September 8.—We have no domestic news this morning; but the foreign is important, showing that operations in the Baltic are about closing for the season and those in the Black Sea commencing. The first is evidenced by the return of Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers and the French troops to France, and the sailing of the expedition from Varna for the Crimea gives a promise of the latter. We do not know what Admiral Napier can do against Abo without troops, and suppose that the difficulty with Elsingfors and Cronstadt is as great as ever it was, and therefore think that in five or six weeks' time the fleets will also return. "Old Charley" may, however, have plans of his own.

Paris, *Thursday Evening.*

The news that the French army of the Baltic is to return to France, which was not believed yesterday, seems to be confirmed.

The Patrie, in its latest news, says: Private letters, which must be received with the utmost reserve, announce that Omer Pacha is on the Sereth with two brigades, and that he was on the point of overtaking the Russian rear-guard.

According to the latest intelligence the Junta of Madrid had resolved to dissolve itself. MM. Vega Armeyro and Cocelo, two of its members, had been appointed to draw up a manifesto on the subject.

The Bourse was firmer to-day in consequence of the despatches announcing the departure of the army to the Crimea for September 2d, and Marshal St. Arnaud's proclamation indicating Sebastopol as the object of the expedition.

The Russian General Bodisco, who remains at the hotel at Havre awaiting the decision of Government as to his destination, went to Frascati's rooms on the evening of his landing, where he was the object of much polite attention. The gallant prisoner, who speaks French fluently, expresses a grateful sense of the kindness which he met with from the officers of the Souffleur. The General, as well as all the officers accompanying him, are permitted to be at large on parole. It is said by the Courrier du Havre that they will be allowed to reside in any town in France they may choose, Paris only excepted. One of the officers in General Bodisco's suite has a wound received from the bayonet of a French chasseur.

London Stock Exchange: Consols for money 95½.

A fair amount of business has been done this week in American stocks. Present quotations are reported as follows by Messrs. D. Bell, Son & Co.

	Redeemable.	Prices.	
United States five per cent. bonds	1865	—	—
United States six per cent. bonds	1862	—	—
United States six per cent. bonds	1868	106	107
United States six per cent. insurance stock	1867-'68	106	107
United States six per cent. insurance stock	1862	—	—
Pennsylvania five per cents.	—	77	78 ex'd.
Pennsylvania five per cent. bonds	1877	82	83 ex'd.
Ohio six per cent. insurance stock	1856	—	—
Ditto ditto	1870	—	—
Massachusetts five per cent. sterling bonds	1868	—	103
Maryland five per cent. sterling bonds	—	92	94
Alabama 5 per cent. do	1858-'59-'66	83	—
Virginia six per cent. bonds	1886	92	93
Virginia five per cent. sterling bonds	1888	90	93
Canada six per cent. sterling bonds	1876	107	108
New Orleans city six per cent. bonds	1893	79	81
Pennsylvania Central Railroad six per cents	1880	90	91
New York and Erie seven per cents, second mortgage, convertible	1859	90	91
New York and Erie seven per cents, third mortgage	1883	—	—
New York and Erie seven per cents, convertible	1862	70	73

New Way of Stopping a Railroad Train.—On Friday morning, as the train of the Merrimack and Connecticut River road (running from Manchester to Hillsboro' bridge, thirty-three miles,) was leaving Manchester, an officer stepped forward and put an attachment on the engine and cars. The attachment, though only a small piece of paper a few inches in length, was made to stick on the locomotive, notwithstanding the spitting and sputtering of the steam. It appears that nine suits, amounting in the aggregate to $50,000, have been brought against the corporation for debts contracted by the New Hampshire Central, which was merged in the Merrimack and Concord some time since. The Eastern road sues for $30,000. The Manchester Mirror states that the Merrimack and Connecticut road has been leased to the Northern, and that "the probable object in bringing these suits was to prevent the deterioration of the personal property of the road by the Northern. Perhaps the Northern will receipt for the property. If so, the trains will recommence running as usual."

A Very Grand Jury.—A bill was recently handed in to the city authorities of San Francisco for certain refreshments furnished to the Grand Jury in that city while pursuing their investigations, which contained the following rich items: "One dozen cherry wine, three thousand five hundred cigars, one dozen bottles Martel's brandy, four gallons do., five baskets Heidseck, one bottle bitters, two tins of crackers, and one hundred and twenty dollars worth of sherry wine." Some curious gentleman has ciphered out that this would give to each of the twenty-four jurors 3½ bottles of sherry, 150 cigars, 2½ bottles of champagne, and 1¼ quarts brandy.